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POETRY.

FOR THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.
TO T. A.

Chance brought thee, T. A., to my view. Thou seemed
As beautiful as when thou wast my first,
My early love. Time's sad impress and stamp,
On that pale face, has not, as yet, appeared:
Nor e'en touched the bud that, once, for me
Did bloom. Those lips—those eyes—and that fair
hair

Which floated round them as the melting beam
Of chastened light about the starry Eve,
Were still thine own. And though we met, no nerve
Was moved; no blanched cheek; no panting heart
Betrayed the secret, which lies buried in
The grave of years, long past away. One sigh
Escaped, which memory breathes within the soul;
As if some wind unhealthily crept along
Its broken wires. It sighed; but that was all!
Vision of beauty, but as soulless as
The graven sepulchre, forgot the past,
Thyself, and life, if cold oblivion may
One pang of troubled thought restore; or think
Of them as wanderings of a sick child's dream.
Age has not blanched the minstrel's look, nor yet
Frozen the hallowed streams of life, bubbling
Along their short-lived, vernal course; nor yet
A worn out Pilgrim's load of time transferred
Upon the wayward heart fast entering
The vale of tears! And yet that heart is changed!
How changed! It now without a throb of wo
Sad images of by gone days recalls.
Upon the sea shore stands and views the bark
That pride and idol of an early hope,
Floating another's signals, and the freight
Of once rich merchandise like worthless goods
All buried in the sand—One thought remains,
The bark itself is safe! This is a ray
Of fleeting moonlight on a dark cold sea!
Ere! Farewell! and when we meet again
Be it in some far better world than this. H. E.

A THOUGHT.

Oh, could we step into the grave,
And hit the coffin lid,
And look upon the greedy worms
That eat away the dead!

It well might change the reddish cheek
Into a paly white,
And freeze the warmest blood to look
Upon so sad a sight!

Yet still it were a sadder sight,
If in that lump of clay,
There was a sense to feel the worms
So busy with their prey.

Oh, pity, then, the living heart,
The lump of living clay,
On whom the canker-worms of care
For ever, ever prey!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALCOHOL CANNOT BE DIGESTED.

"A man in London once drank a pint of gin; he soon fell into a state of insensibility, and died in the street. On internal examination, there was found in his stomach a fluid which had the smell of gin, and a like quantity was found in his brain, on a fire being applied both ignited. A strong case of this kind occurred at Edinburgh, and another in America. A young physician, in the state of Maine, applied his lancet to the vein of a confirmed drunkard, who had just come out of a fit of intoxication. The blood exhaled a strong odour of whisky, and on application of a taper it burnt for some seconds with a blue flame." At the close of last year, 1837, an occurrence was mentioned in the public papers, which fully corroborates these facts. A gentleman by the name of Taylor had entered a cab, but when the driver arrived at the Angel, Islington, and opened the door, he found his passenger dead. A surgeon was called, who tried to bleed him, but in vain. He opened his head, and found alcohol in his brain, which on the application of fire, burnt with a blue flame. A considerable portion of spirit was also detected in his stomach. These facts were stated at the inquest which was held by Mr. Wakley, and who, to obtain correct information on the subject, deferred the inquest for a day or two, that the surgeon might fully ascertain whether it was really alcohol which was in the brain and the stomach. The experiment fully confirmed this fact. Several similar well authenticated facts are mentioned in Baccus, p. 332, all of which show that alcohol cannot be digested, and in no form whatever can be fit for the body of man. It cannot nourish a healthy man, it cannot quench the thirst of a thirsty man, and it may very soon poison, inflame, and kill a sickly man, and therefore ought to be abandoned by all.

A recipe for taking the fever and ague.—A recipe for what? Oh, don't be alarmed; you needn't try it if you don't like it.—You can try it, though, without much danger, unless your blood is very thin. It is taken from the Hattville (Wisconsin) Badger: "Put on a pair of cotton or linen pantaloons, (yellow if possible,) a long tailed pale blue, old jeans coat, a high crowned, peaked topped, straw or clipped hat, and a low pair of shoes without socks; then set yourself on

a high stump next morning after the first frost, and rest your head on your hand, and your elbow on your knee, and look over the fence wishfully, into a cucumber patch; if you can stand this operation for two hours without your teeth chattering, you are proof against the ague, if the experiment fail, you may attribute the failure to the healthiness of the climate, and not the inefficiency of the experiment.

PRESERVATION OF PUMPKINS.

We understand that Mr. C. S. W. Dorsey is at this time feeding his milch cows freely on pumpkins of last year's growth, which are in a state of perfect preservation. The butter is of the finest quality, and of the richest color, as might be expected from such food. His mode of preserving so perfectly a vegetable, which while it can be kept sound, all consider so valuable, but which has generally been delicate and perishable, is worthy of being noted. We understand his system to be to cover the space in his barn intended for their preservation with dry straw, say a foot or 18 inches thick. On this he placed a layer of pumpkins, and on that another thick layer of straw, and so on; and the result is that his cows have been supplied to the present time with an abundance of this superior food, in a perfectly sound and pure condition.—Am. Farmer.

A humane chimney sweeper told a distinguished lady that he had superseded the use of climbing boys, upon the humane principle. "What do you do," said her ladyship to the humane man, "instead of using the boys?" "Vy," said the sweep, "instead of sending a boy up the chimney, I goes to the top of the pot myself, and having tied a string to the tail of a goose, I lets him down with a string; and then, my lady, he flaps, and he flaps away his wings, vich entirely cleans the sut out of the chimney altogether." "Dear me," said the sensitive Countess, "but that must be exceedingly painful to the goose." "Vy," said the amiable sweep, "so it is, my lady, without no manner of doubt;—but if your ladyship is kinder as to a goose, a couple of ducks will do just as well."

A Politician.—Peter Brush was in a dilapidated condition—out at elbows, out at knees, out of spirits, and leaning out of the window of a Hall county grocery—an "out-and-out" in every respect. For some time he had been silent absorbed in deep thought which he relieved at intervals by spitting through his teeth, and scratching his head. At length heaving a deep sigh, he spoke:

"They used to tell me, put not your trust in princes—and I havn't. None of 'em never wanted to borrow nothing from me. Princes! pooh! put not your trust in politicians—them's my sentiments. There's no two mediums about that. Havn't I been serving my country these five years, like a patriot; going to barbecues, and getting as blue as blazes; taking papers on both sides, and never paying for 'em; fighting at every 'lection; and getting licked too; cant I count fifteen broken noses, and heaps of black eyes, got for the good of our country and the popularity of our alleged rights, and all for what? Why for nowt! If any good has come out of it, the country has put the whole of it in their pocket, and swindled me out of my earnings! Republics is ungrateful. I didn't want no reward for my services, I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do. Being took care of was the main thing.—Republics is ungrateful, I be swaggared if they isn't."

"Oh! Pete, shut up," said Jo Saubbs, his neighbor, "what makes you ride high horses when you get bamboozled, quit and come home. You never should have set out to be a politician, when you've such a good trade."

"Trade! yes, but what's a trade when a feller gets a soul? Trade, I loved my country, and I wanted an office—I didn't care what, if it was fat and easy. I wanted to take care of my country, and I wanted my country to take care of me. Headwork is the trade I'm made for, for talking that's my line. Talking at Muster, Groceries, Justice courts, any whar. I can talk all day, so I have the eaten feller and liquor. But both parties is all alike. I've been on all sides—tried 'em and know—none of 'em gave me no thing and—blat 'em, lets liquor. Hallo! Jo, give us a pint, and dret my skin if I don't pay you to-morrow.—Button.

OPPOSITION CROG-SHOPS CONFUSE A MAN'S POLITICS.

A friend, in describing a scene he witnessed in the street, not long since, gave a very forcible illustration of the importance of not mixing liquors in a political contest. In passing up Main street, he saw a man in a state of great dexterity as the whereabouts of his centre of gravity.

and who found it necessary, to keep fast hold of his cart to steady himself, while he endeavored to fix his jug, containing doubtless, political eye-salve, which, tho' it inflames the eyes, gives a man nevertheless a wonderfully clear preception of the merits of candidates.

After working at his jug for some time, his patriotism began to ferment, and grasping the cart with renewed energy, he raised his head and shouted hurrah for Harrison! Then looking down and pondering the matter a little, he raised his head and shouted hurrah for Van— (a pause) hurrah for Van Buren! The fellow was evidently confused as to which side he belonged. He had probably been at the Grog-Shops of both parties, which confused his political creed; and though brain-full of patriotism and whiskey, he could not tell for the life of him, which side to hurrah for.—But hurrah he must, for some body, or explode, and after a second perplexing cogitation as to the whereabouts of his politics, he raised up again, and bawled out, Hail Columbia! Ah! said he, now I know I am right hurrah for—Hail Columbia!!—Temp. Ade.

Tender Arousal in the Way of Trade! A young and pretty girl stepped into a store where a spruce young man, who had long been enamored but dared not speak stood behind the counter selling dry goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened every thing. At last she said "I believe you think I am cheating you." "Oh, no," said the youngster, "to me you are always fair." "Well," whispered the lady blushing as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so dear."

THE LOST BIBLE FOUND.—Most of our readers have seen historical notices of the misfortunes of the family of the Rev. Mr. Caldwell of New Jersey, in the revolutionary war. Mr. C. was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Elizabethtown, and like most of the clergy of that church, at that time, was a zealous whig. His activity against the British made him a mark for their vengeance, and in one of their frequent incursions into that neighborhood, when he was from home, a company of soldiers surrounded his dwelling, and one of them deliberately levelled his musket at Mrs. Caldwell while on her knees at prayer, and killed her instantly. The party then retreated, carrying off several articles of plunder, and among them Mrs. Caldwell's family Bible. Not long ago, and more than sixty years after the event we have been recording, an old woman living on Long Island, called on one of the grand-children of Mrs. Caldwell, at Morristown, N. J., and presented this identical Bible, containing the family record as made by Mr. C. in his own hand writing—then the record as made by the soldier who stole it; and various memoranda by subsequent possessors.

AN ORATOR DONE UP.—We have plenty of such cattle as are below described in New-York; and shall see enough of them between this day and November 15th. After that date they will go into retirement until the Spring Election. The sketch is from that paper.—Brother Jonathan.

"Feller citizens," exclaimed an independent orator on Tuesday night, about 12 o'clock, while he held on to a lamp-post with one arm, and lashed the air with the other. "Feller citizens! I'm the man wot stands up (when I'm not drunk) for individual rights! Hurra for our side!—It's no use of arguing the question, friends and feller citizens—I'm as dry as blazes, and haven't taken a horn for the last five minutes. Down with ab-b-bolitionism and temperance societies! them's my sentiments, and I'm likewise friendly to universal suffering. Go it, rovers and busters!"

Hereupon the tremendous outpouring of eloquence became so overpowering, that he forsook his best friend, the lamp-post, and made a lurch into the gutter. "I'm in for it," continued he, "to your tents, oh! Israel!—the last link is broken and I'm a gone sucker. Friends and feller-citizens, d'ye see them stars wot blink in the blue heavens? Sooner shall they fly from their e-theral spears than I from the position I have taken in this affair! I'm for a free expression of sentiment, and no gag law—hurra for me! them's my sentiments!"

"Look here, mister," said the watch, interrupting the strain of pure and undiluted patriotism, "though you have no audience but myself, you appear to be well backed—and speak in a gutter-cl tone. Why man, you can't stand up for your cause."

"Do you mean to doubt my p-p-patriotism, mister?" asked the orator, making a motion to take the floor erect. Do

you mean to insinuate that I can't support my arguments nor myself either? Friends and feller citizens—I giv in my wote like a man—I went the whole figure. Listen to the voice of the patriot who fought, bled and died for—look here, mister—is there any liquor shop any where within a reasonable distance?"

"Yes—there's one a very short distance off, where you will be provided for."

"Wh—wh—what's the name?"

"The Pilgrim's Retreat."

It is hardly necessary to add that the orator was bottled off to quod.

THE PET LEG.

(FROM "CHARLES O'MALLEY.")

I was very fond of Polly Hackett, and she was of me. We used to take our little evening walks together through the coffee plantation; very romantic little strolls they were; she in white muslin, with a blue sash and blue shoes; I in a flannel jacket and trowsers, straw hat and cravat; a Virginia cigar as long as a walking stick in my mouth, puffing and courting between times: then we'd take a turn to the refining house, look in at the big boilers, quiz the niggers, and come back to Twangberry Moss to supper, where old Hackett, the father, sported a glorious table at eleven o'clock. Great feeding it was. You were always sure of a preserved monkey, a baked land crab, or some such delicacy. And such Madeira! it makes me dry to think of it!

"Talk of West India slavery indeed! It's the only land of liberty. There is nothing to compare with the perfect free and easy, devil may care kind of a take yourself away way that every one has there. If it would be any peculiar comfort for you to sit in the saddle of mutton, and put your legs in a soup tureen at dinner, there would be found very few to object to it. There is no nonsense of any kind about etiquette. You eat, drink, and are merry, or if you prefer, are sad; just as you please. You may wear uniform; or you may not; it's your own affair; and, consequently, it may be imagined how insensible such privileges gain upon one, and how very reluctant we become ever to resign or abandon them.

"I was the man to appreciate it all.—The whole course of proceeding seemed to have been invented for my peculiar convenience, and not a man in the island enjoyed a more luxurious existence than myself, not knowing all the while how dearly I was destined to pay for my little comforts. Among my plenary after dinner indulgencies I had contracted an inveterate habit of sitting cross-legged, as I showed you. Now, this was become a perfect necessity of existence to me. I could have dispensed with cheese, with my glass of port, my pickled mango, my olive, my anchovy toast, my nutshell of curacao, but not my favorite lounge. You may smile; but I've read of a man who could never dance except in the room with an old hair brush. Now I'm certain my stomach would not digest if my legs were perpendicular. I don't mean to defend the thing. The attitude was not graceful; it was not imposing; but it suited me some, and I liked it.

"From what I have already mentioned, you may suppose that West India habits exercised but little control over my favorite practice, which I indulged in every evening of my life. Well, one day Old Hackett gave us a great blowout—a dinner of two and twenty souls; six days notice; turtle from St. Lucie, guinea fowl, claret of the year forty, and Madeira at discretion, and all that. Very well done the whole thing; nothing wrong, nothing wanting. As for me, I was in great feather. I took Polly in to dinner, greatly to the discomfort of old Belson our Major, who was making up in that quarter; for you must know, she was an only daughter, and had a very nice thing of it in molasses and niggers. The papa preferred the major, but Polly looked sweetly upon me. Well down we went, and really a most excellent feed we had. Now, I must mention here, that Polly had a favorite Blenheim spaniel, the old fellow detested: it was always tripping up and snarling at him, for it was except to herself, a beast of rather vicious inclinations. With a true Jamaica taste, it was her pleasure to bring the animal always into the dinner room, where if papa discovered him, there was sure to be a row. Servants sent in one direction to hunt him out; others endeavouring to hide him, and so on: in fact a tremendous hubbub always followed his introduction and accompanied his exit, upon which occasions I invariably exercised my gallantry by protecting the beast, although I hated him like the devil all the time.

"To return to our dinner. After two mortal hours of harceating, the pace began to slacken, and, as evening closed in a sense of peaceful repose seemed to descend on our labors. Pastiles shed a aromatic vapor through the room. The

well iced decanters went with measured pace along; conversation subdued to the meridian of after dinner comfort, just murmured; the jealous glances from the broad verandah the blossoms, slightly stirring with the breeze.

"And the piece of white muslin, what of her?"

"Locked twenty times more bewitching than ever. Well, it was just the time, when opening the last two buttons of your white waistcoat (remember we were in Jamaica) you stretch your legs to the full extent; throw your arm carelessly over the back of your chair, look contemplatively towards the ceiling, and wonder within yourself, why it is not all after dinner in this same world of ours. Such, at least, were my reflections as I assumed my attitude of comfort and inwardly ejaculated with Sneyd and Barton. Just at that moment I heard Polly's voice gently whisper, 'Is that he a love? isn't he a darling?' 'Zounds,' thought I, as a pang of jealousy shot through my heart, 'is that the major she means?' for old Belson, with his bag wig and rouged cheeks, was seated on the other side of her.

"What a dear old thing it is," said Polly.

"Worse and worse," said I; 'it must be him.'

"I do so love his muzzy face."

"It is him," said I throwing off a bump and almost boiling over with passion at the moment.

"I wish I could take one look at him," said she, laying down her head as she spoke.

"The major whispered something in her ear to which she replied—

"Oh, I dare not; papa will see me at once."

"Don't be afraid, madam," said I, fiercely; 'your father perfectly approves of your taste.'

"Are you sure of it?" said she, looking me such a look.

"I know it," said I struggling violently with my agitation.

"The major leaned over, as if to touch her hand beneath the cloth. I almost sprang from my chair, when Polly, in her sweetest accents, said—

"You must be patient, dear thing, or you may be found out, and then there will be such a piece of work. Though I'm sure major, you would not betray me. The major smiled till he cracked the paint upon his cheeks. 'And I am sure that Mr. Monsoon—'

"You may rely upon me," said I, half sneeringly.

"The major and I exchanged glances of defiance, while Polly continued—

"Now, come, don't be restless. You are very comfortable there. Isn't the major? The major smiled again, more graciously than before, as he said—

"May I take a look?"

"Just one peep, then, no more," said she, coquettishly; 'poor dear Wowski is so timid.'

"Scarcely had these words borne balm and comfort to my heart—for I now knew that the dog, and not to my rival, were all the flattering expressions applied—when a slight scream from Polly, and a tremendous oath from the major, raised me from my dream of happiness.

"Take your foot down, sir, Mr. Monsoon, how could you do so?" cried Polly.

"What the devil, sir, do you mean?" shouted the major.

"Oh! I shall die of shame," sobbed she.

"I'll shoot him like a riddle," muttered old Belson.

"By this time the whole table had got at the story, and such peals of laughter, mingled with suggestions for my personal maltreatment, I never heard. All my attempts at explanation were in vain. I was not listened to, much less believed, and the old colonel finished the scene by ordering me to my quarters in a voice I shall never forget. The whole room being at the time I made my exit, one scene of tumultuous laughter, from one end to the other. Jamaica, after this, became too hot for me. The story was repeated on every side; for it seems, I had been sitting with my foot on Polly's leg; but so occupied was I with my jealous vigilance of the major, I was not aware of the fact until she herself discovered it.

"I need not say how the following morning brought with it every possible offer of amende upon my part; any thing from a writ to marry the lady. I was ready to do and how the matter might have ended I know not; for, in the middle of the negotiations, we were ordered off to Halifax, where, he assured, I abandoned my attitude a la tarque, for many a long day after."

LAW BLANKS

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